

## Nelson Newhall; or, the Striped Frock.

"There, Lucinda, you cannot help admitting that we have had a fine walk this afternoon," exclaimed Caroline Hale to her sister, as they entered their chamber after a rural excursion. It was a sultry August day, and Lucinda, instead of answering her sister, threw off her bonnet and fastened back the blind from the open window. "Now you are not willing to own we have had a pleasant walk," continued Caroline, "because you went so reluctantly."

"You know, sister, that my reluctance was owing to the extreme heat and a trifling indisposition. But I feel better for the ramble, and must say that it was more agreeable than I anticipated. I will admit what will please you still more, that I liked our company and was interested in the conversation."

"That's a good girl," said the laughing Caroline; "I supposed you would have said that the Russells were ostentatious, trifling, or something of that sort."

"You know I do not intend to be censorious, Caroline, and as to your gallant of to-day, I could not express my opinion. He devoted his attention so entirely to you, that I have no opportunity of becoming a critic with regard to him.— His sister is a very pretty girl, and seems to enjoy her visit to our little town extremely. I love our own scenery so well that I cannot help feeling interested in every one who admires it."

"Lucinda, I believe I like home well enough, but I never can think as you do about our rough hills. They do well enough for farmers who want sheep pastures, but what there is about them is very beautiful, I never could imagine. I always wondered what induced father to settle here. He might have established himself in some more populous place, where he had more genteel society, and have lived in a different style from what he does now, even if he owned no more property."

"Very like he might, Caroline, but you know father is not very ambitious about making a show. We have often heard him speak of the change in his opinion and feelings since his youth. He says he thought then that wealth could make him happy, but he feels now that a contented spirit and domestic affection are better than gold. I think we ought to profit by his experience."

Lucinda, for a few moments, did not answer—she knew there were weak points in her mother's character, but she hesitated about making them a subject of conversation, even with her sister.— But she reflected that Caroline was younger than herself, and had ever been her mother's pet.— She felt pained to perceive daily the influence exerted over her young mind by her mother's vanity and indiscretion.

After some consideration, she replied, "Our mother is a good, amiable woman, Caroline, and we are both deeply indebted to her care and kindness. I should be sorry to say a word that would diminish your respect for her, but you know, sister, that she is very much influenced by aunt Kimball. Now aunt Kimball does not consider what would be perfectly proper for herself and daughters in such a place as Boston, would almost be ridiculous for us. Their dress and customs are in accordance with their station, and with the dress and customs of their associates. So are ours.— We even dress better than most young ladies in our circle. True we wear our calico and gingham dresses at home, instead of expensive silks and muslins, and father requires us to assist in household duties. I believe we are happier for it. Your understanding, Caroline, if you consulted it, would teach you the foolishness of our wearing fifty dollar shawls and thirty dollar bonnets in such a place as C——. Our extravagance would be censured by our best friends. How should we look, after walking out as we have this afternoon, through brush and briar, dressed like ladies promenading in Cornhill? Even our sensible city acquaintance would laugh at us.— Probably Franklin Russell, with whom you have chatted so much to-day, will not respect you the less for having your dress adapted for the occasion, and something like that worn by our country companions. I am sure mother wishes to do every thing for one good, but I think she does not consider what is best and most becoming under our present circumstances."

"I do believe, Lucinda, that if you were settled among the Choctaws, you would think it best to paint like a squaw. I know, after all, what makes you so much about fitness and propriety. It is because Nelson Newhall wears a striped frock, and you think it is well adapted to a man who holds a plough, and 'drives his team a-field.' As for myself, I never was in love with a striped frock, and never intended to be."

This, as Caroline anticipated, was touching. Lucinda in an extremely sensitive point, and she did not attempt to reply. She immediately found her services were required below, and hastily ran down to make arrangements for the evening meal.

We have now introduced to the reader the two daughters of Squire Hale, a gentleman of considerable property and influence in a pleasant country town in the interior of Massachusetts.— He was a self-educated man, of unbending good principles, and without being a genius, was possessed of an uncommon share of what is denominated "common sense."

Beneath an exterior not remarkably polished, he could bear the strictest scrutiny. He settled in Massachusetts in his youth, and "never changed or wished to change his place." Why should he? He possessed the confidence of the community, was happy among his friends, and his family ranked among the first in the county.— Some twenty-five years before the commencement of one tale, he became accidentally acquainted with Miss Caroline Osgood, a young lady from Boston. She was extremely pretty, and her bright smile and fascinating manners made a lasting conquest of his heart. He was not the man to marry, however, without trying to consult his judgment. He knew she was not striving to cultivate her intellect, but she loved reading, and...oral, Mrs. Hale tried to prevent her daughters

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He was sure he wanted nothing blue about a wife. If she loved reading that was enough. Then she had not been accustomed to any domestic employments, but if she wished to learn the proper management of a household, what could be easier? Besides his income was already sufficient for a comfortable maintenance without the assistance of a wife, and Miss Osgood's property would increase it. She was certainly amiable and cheerful, and he doubted not would render his bride happy. Nothing less could be expected, then, considering he was already in love, than that judgement should decide in favor of offering her his hand without delay. It was done accordingly, and after she had consulted all her friends, who pronounced it a good match, the offer was accepted, and in due time she became Mrs. Hale.

We would gladly tell our readers that after the acquisition of a companion so lovely, Squire Hale found himself perfectly happy. Truth, however, would not warrant such a statement.— For a time he considered himself so, but was soon forced to feel disappointed. His interest was not her interest—his most valuable friend, she lightly esteemed. She professed to respect them, but they were so *countryfied*, had so little polish of refinement, that they were scarcely fit for lady's parlor. She did not think it necessary even to superintend her domestic affairs, but employed her time in reading novels, and such trifling work as was little better than absolute idleness. She expected unlimited indulgence, made extravagant demands upon his purse, and determined to guard his doors from the familiar intrusion of the unfashionable people who had been her husband's former acquaintances and friends.

Squire Hale saw all this with uneasiness and anxiety. He found his authority must interfere with his house would never be the home of his heart. He labored to convince his wife of her folly, and even went so far as to put a veto upon many of her plans. He loved her and attributed her faults wholly to education and inexperience, and by firmness and judicious management, after a long time, succeeded in eradicating many of her notions. Two lovely daughters at length claimed her care, and implanted in her heart such devoted affection as made her in many respects a different woman.

Perhaps Lucinda's frequent calls made him more attentive than he would have been otherwise, for notwithstanding he was little more than seventeen, he regarded her with a feeling very different from the usual partialities of boyhood. That feeling was reciprocated, and though never analyzed and never spoken, was daily gaining ground on both sides.

It was in Adeline's sick chamber that Lucinda's mind first received the impressions of early piety. The Newhalls were not only descended from our Puritan fathers, but they felt in themselves that trust in God which had comforted their ancestors while inhabitants of a wilderness. But Squire Hale would have it so, and she was forced to submit to it. At home she exerted all her influence to counteract the ideas she feared they would acquire at school, and every one knows a mother's influence is great over affectionate, inexperienced daughters.— They imbued many of her feelings and opinions, and suffered the loveliness of their sunny age to be clouded by useless ideas of consequence and superiority.

Years rolled by, and they became young ladies. They were both called handsome, though their style of beauty was very different. Lucinda, the eldest, was a little of a brunette, with large hazel eyes, dark hair, and a shade of thought upon her brow. She resembled her father in person; was taller and less volatile in her movements than her sister. Caroline was a fairy in figure, and a native grace was seen in every motion. Her blue eye and flaxen hair proclaimed her relationship to the Osgood family; and sweet was the smile which played over her features in hours of joy and sunshine. The minds of the two sisters were still more unlike than their figures and complexions. They had attended the same school; mingled with the same society, yet they were essentially different in their tastes and inclinations.

Two seeds germinate in the bosom of the earth; their growth is accelerated by the same sunshine, air and moisture, yet, although growing side by side, they become totally different in their nature, man who holds a plough, and "drives his team a-field." As for myself, I never was in love with a striped frock, and never intended to be."

As for Lucinda, her heart was almost broken. She had never before known grief herself, or felt more than a momentary sympathy for that of others. She felt then that she could willingly resign all the luxuries of her affluent home, to supply the place of their lost daughter to the stricken parents, and be a sister and a friend to Nelson, whose usually elastic spirits was now bowed to the earth.

As we mentioned before, the two sisters in their childhood and early youth, attended the public school of their native village; such schools are ever open to rich and poor in happy New England. In the one they attended, was a talented, high-spirited youth, older by a year or two than Lucinda Hale. He was the only son of a virtuous and sensible farmer in the neighborhood, and was destined by his parents to follow the plough, and procure his livelihood from the same grounds which had been owned in the family through three or four generations. His intelligent eye, cheerful countenance, and native intellect, made him the favorite of every new teacher, and many a gentleman's son found himself outstripped by the industry of Nelson Newhall.— Adeline, his sister, in many respects resembled him, and both were beloved by their companions and commended by their instructors.

With the children of the laboring class in general, he could bear the strictest scrutiny. He settled in Massachusetts in his youth, and "never changed or wished to change his place." Why should he? He possessed the confidence of the community, was happy among his friends, and his family ranked among the first in the county.— Some twenty-five years before the commencement of one tale, he became accidentally acquainted with Miss Caroline Osgood, a young lady from Boston. She was extremely pretty, and her bright smile and fascinating manners made a lasting conquest of his heart. He was not the man to marry, however, without trying to consult his judgment. He knew she was not striving to cultivate her intellect, but she loved reading, and...oral, Mrs. Hale tried to prevent her daughters

from associating too freely, but in the case of the two Newhalls it was a little beyond her control. Squire Hale, who felt interested in every thing connected with the rising generation, frequently spoke of the promising children of his townsmen, and expressed a wish that his children might be equally a credit to the school, and equally honored among their companions. His wife rather sneered at the idea, but did not think it prudent to interpose, so Lucinda and Caroline were allowed to treat the Newhalls with a little more respect than they were wont to do the children of farmers in general. Adeline and Lucinda sat in the same form at school; attended to the same studies; were assisted by Nelson to find the answers to difficult questions, and at play-time were indebted to his ingenuity for one half of their amusements. He seemed almost equally a brother to both, and in the thousand sports and occupations of their innocent years, was their adviser and constant companion.

As they grew towards womanhood, the two girls became still more intimate the one probably influenced by pity, the other by gratitude. The lovely, interesting Adeline, had become an invalid. She was still able to occupy her usual seat in the school-room, but the peculiar delicacy of her look and languor of her appearance, led her friends to fear that the blossom was withering on its native stem.

At the close of the school, Lucinda and her sister were sent to the academy in B.

When I recall thy worth,

Thy lovely life, thy early end,

I feel estranged from earth."

A few evenings before the two sisters were to leave for Boston, Squire Hale and his wife were absent and Caroline deeply engaged in reading a new novel in her chamber. Lucinda was alone, and as she saw the hues of sunset fading in the west, her mind recurred to the circumstances of Adeline's death and burial. She involuntarily repeated the words of a poet:

"Oh my friend,

When I recall thy worth,

Thy lovely life, thy early end,

I feel estranged from earth."

A feeling of melancholy crept over her, and she determined to visit the churchyard. Both Caroline and herself had been there frequently in the day time and passed away an hour in reading the epitaphs. She had been in the habit of walking alone at twilight, and was not accustomed to fear. Besides, what could there be to fear visiting the grave of the sweet and pious Adeline? She hastily arranged herself for the walk, and thoughtfully followed a foot-path across the field. Daylight was fast deepening into shadow, and the song of the evening bird had a pensive, melancholy sound. As she drew near the wall that enclosed the burial place, a feeling of timidity stole over her, and she wished that she had asked Caroline to be her companion. Ere she reached the wall she paused, and was half inclined to return. But the recollections of her school-day friend, of her sweetness, her gentleness, and above all, her affection for herself, made her over ashamed of her fears. Adeline's grave was in the corner of the churchyard next to her, and after some mental effort, she succeeded in passing over the wall, and in a moment she stood trembling beside the grave—she scarcely realized where she was. All recollection of her friend vanished, and fear and awe usurped the place of every other feeling. She turned to make a precipitate retreat, when a voice broke upon her silence. In a moment she was calm.

"It was his voice, she could not err,

Thro' out the breathing world's extent,

There was but one such voice to her."

It was indeed the voice of Nelson Newhall.— After the labors of the day were over, he had uprooted a little tree, and came to plant it by the grave of his sister. He said that when living, she had loved to see the green trees waving in the breeze, and he would place one over her while she was mingling with the dust. He spoke of the bright world where he hoped her spirit had gone, and of the vacuum her death had made in the world she left behind.

It is not our design, however, to let our readers listen to the young lovers, as we call them, after this. To them it was full of interest, but to the public their expressions of mutual affection would be uninteresting. Let us suffice to say, that when they parted, each felt a confidence in the enduring affection of the other, that time and absence never had the power to destroy.

For the two or three succeeding years Nelson and Lucinda seldom met. She was sometimes at home, sometimes at school, and frequently visiting among her distant relatives. When at home, they attended the same place of worship on the Sabbath, and we would not say that their eyes and thoughts did not sometimes stray from him who occupied the pulpit. Every time she saw him, Lucinda looked upon him with pleasure and pride, for now that he had become a man, his commanding figure, and expressive countenance, distinguished him from all the other young men in his native town. She frequently heard his beauty spoken of among her companions, and his affectionate conduct to his parents commanded by her father. Into the select circles in which she visited he was seldom invited because he was a farmer and wore a frock; but she concurred herself by thinking that his talents and his virtues would one day place him above these little distinctions. He had labored to cultivate his mind, and prepare himself for the duties of active life. The occupation his father designed for him he never intended to change, but he wished to be a theoretical, as well as a practical farmer, and to improve his faculties equally with his fields and gardens. This, her mother and sister did not, or affected not to per-

ceive. They annoyed her almost daily by significant allusions to hay-stacks, ploughs, and above all, the striped frock which was constantly worn in the field to protect his other clothing. In general she affected to take no notice of these incendees; but, at times, her feelings overcame her, and she retired to give vent to her tears.— Sometimes she half resolved to make a complaint of her father, but she was deterred by the fear that he likewise might disapprove. At times, she felt mortified and humble when she thought of his occupation, for the pride so carefully nurtured in her childhood was not yet wholly subdued. She would wish he had been a merchant, or studied some profession—or if he must be a farmer, that he would not wear the frock which had occasioned so much ridicule at home, and resolved that her influence should be exerted to persuade him to discard it altogether.

In the mean time both Lucinda and her sister

had become objects of general attention, especially Caroline, whom nature seemed to have designed for a belle and a coquette. Lucinda was equally beloved and more respected, but the dignity her mind had imparted to her manners repelled the advances of mere folly and gallantry. She had several advantageous offers, but her father's surprise, rejected them all. One suitor lacked Nelson's native ability; another his kind, affectionate temper; and all she thought were deficient in some of his peculiar characteristics.

Caroline, who had no previous attachment to interfere with her present selections, was soon engaged. It was to the same Mr. Russell mentioned in the early part of the story. His home was in the city, but he had become acquainted with Caroline while visiting a relative in S——. Her beauty and playfulness soon determined him to make her the companion of his fortunes. He was the world considers a gentleman, free from any notorious vices, and equally free from any fixed principles of right or wrong. But he suited Mrs. Hale and Caroline exactly. He seemed to have an instinctive dislike to every thing *countryfied* or *economic*; and his love for fashionable life could not be disputed. The wealth and standing of his father, seemed to make it certain that the family of the son might always live a life of pleasure.

It was suspected by some, that Squire Hale

never

hearty

approved the match between Russell and his daughter. Be this as it may, it was concluded after the lapses of a few months. The mansion of Squire Hale was brilliantly illuminated on the night of the twenty-fifth of April, 18—. Caroline was that night to give her hand to Frank Russell. Many of the inhabitants of S—— had assembled to congratulate the young couple; and Nelson Newhall among the rest. Mrs. Hale protested against his having an invitation, but her husband declared him as respectable and promising, as any young man in the village, and invited him accordingly. The evening was spent with mirth and festivity, and all appeared to enjoy it but Lucinda. She was unusually pensive, but it was ascribed to the parting which would take place on the morrow. That, however, was not the sole reason. Nelson, in the crowd, had contrived to press a letter into her hand. She hastily concealed it, without having been observed, but the flush upon her cheek, and the unvoiced abstraction of her manner, were generally noticed.

The company separated, and the family retired to their respective apartments. Lucinda passed a sleepless night, sometimes reading the letter she had received, and sometimes deliberating on the course she should pursue. She finally came to the conclusion that she would give the letter to her father as soon as convenient after Caroline's departure.

In the course of the next day she found her

father alone, presented the letter to him with a trembling hand, and fled to her chamber. She was soon summoned to attend him.

"My daughter," said he holding up the letter,

"this tells me that you and Nelson Newhall have loved each other from childhood. Why has this been kept a secret from me? What was you afraid of, child?" said he kindly, as he looked upon the blanched cheek and trembling form.—

"I always liked Nelson, and was willing you should be trusted to choose for yourself."

"But, father, do you approve of the choice?"

"Certainly, I do approve it. You may write to Nelson and tell him he has my hearty consent. May you make as good a wife as you have been a daughter."

Ten or twelve years have elapsed since the events above related, and a material change has passed over the two sisters. Mrs. Russell has become a widow. She lived in affluence a few years after she was married; but the fluctuations of trade swept away the property of the eldest Russell, and the son had none to lose. He was dependent in a great measure upon his father, and when that support failed him, he fell. His health had become somewhat injured by dissipation, and the alteration in his circumstances had such an effect on his mind, that he soon became an invalid. He removed with his family into the house of Squire Hale for the benefit of the country air, but it was to no purpose. He lingered for a year and then died, leaving a wife and a son to the care of a father-in-law.

Almost every pleasant day little Edward Rus-

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## POLITICAL.

From the Boston Post.

### Jefferson and the Whigs.

Politicians are now playing a bold game in deception and stock-jobbing. The corruption, notorious and shameful, of the Congress that passed the first United States Bank in 1790, is to be repeated in 1841!! To do this, facts must be distorted, unanswerable arguments disregarded, history falsified, and common sense outraged.—With one breath the whigs are accusing the late administration of leaving behind it an empty Treasury; with another they are crying out for a distribution of a portion of the revenue of the general government to the indebted States: yes, they have already passed a bill in the House of Representatives for this purpose. And they still dare to adduce the immortal name of JEFFERSON to sanction their wanton violations of the Constitution! The National Intelligencer is trying to make it appear that Jefferson would have consented to a recharter of the first National Bank!! We have quoted Jefferson's opinions in 1802 and in 1813. These opinions are decided. So notorious, indeed, was Jefferson's opposition, that in 1837, he was charged by these very *whig* organs, with being the author of all our financial troubles. The New York Commercial Advertiser then said: "He (Jefferson) it was who like Absalom corrupted the people.—He it was who sowed the wind which brought the whirlwind. He it was who scattered in broad cast the seeds of infidelity which have taken such deep root. He it was who STIMULATED THE HOSTILITY TO THE OLD NATIONAL BANK, WHICH RESULTED IN ITS OVERTHROW IN 1811, AND A CONSEQUENT DERANGEMENT OF THE CURRENCY EXACTLY SIMILAR TO THAT WE ARE YET EXPERIENCING." But when the whigs had decided in 1833 to throw on the democratic cloak and jump into the forum, it was highly necessary to change this tune.—Jefferson's name and praises were then on every political vote-distributor's tongue—from Daniel Webster down to the Boston Atlas. "SUPPORT SUCH MEASURES AS MR. JEFFERSON SUPPORTED—AS THE PURE OLD SCHOOL OF VIRGINIA DEMOCRACY WOULD HAVE SUPPORTED," became their language. They unhappily succeeded. They now "feel power," and "forget right." But Jeffersonian principles are too deeply rooted in the American heart to be so wantonly violated with impunity by federal politicians. CONSOLIDATION, however the pill may be sugar-coated, is still a bitter pill: the doctrine of State Rights, however Robert C. Winthrop, the Boston Representative, and other whigs may sneer at it, will be the only doctrine which the people will tolerate. It will ever be a touchstone by which to try the opinions of those they will trust.

We again say, it is with utter astonishment that we see Jefferson's name aduced as authority to establish a Bank. In the very year, 1813, when somebody testifies from a twenty-five years recollection, that Jefferson waived his constitutional scruples and affirmed the question to be settled in favor of the power, there is to be found one of the ablest and longest letters Jefferson ever wrote on the subject of a National Bank, DENYING BOTH IT'S CONSTITUTIONALITY AND ITS EXPEDIENCY!!! This letter is dated Nov. 6, 1813, and can be seen in Jefferson's Works, Vol IV. It was addressed to John W. Eppes, then Chairman of the Committee on Finance, in Congress. We have already quoted from this letter: this is the manner in which Jefferson considered the question settled, settled against the existence of the power, not in favor of its exercise: a slight mistake in the letter-writer of the National Intelligencer. "Let us reason"—says Jefferson—"on this new call for a National Bank. After the solemn decision of Congress against the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States, and the grounds of that decision, (the want of constitutional power,) I HAD IMAGINED THAT QUESTION AT REST, AND THAT NO MORE APPLICATIONS WOULD BE MADE TO THEM FOR THE INCORPORATIONS OF BANKS." And further on he contends that the nation had condemned a National Bank, "NOT BY THEIR REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS ONLY, BUT BY EXPRESS INSTRUCTION FROM DIFFERENT ORGANS OF THEIR WILL." After a long argument AGAINST the establishment of a United States Bank, he reasons thus of banking—a paper circulation:—

"Our depreciation is, as yet, but at about two for one. Owing to the support its credit receives from the small reservoirs of specie in the vaults of the banks, it is impossible to say at what points their notes will stop. Nothing is necessary to affect it but a general alarm; and that may take place whenever the public shall begin to reflect on, and perceive, the impossibility that the banks should repay this sum. At present, caution is inspired no further than to keep prudent men from selling property on long payments. Let us suppose the PANIC TO ARISE AT THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS, A POINT TO WHICH EVERY SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURES HASTEN US BY LONG STRIDES. Nobody dreams that they would have three hundred millions of specie to satisfy the holders of their notes. . . . What would be the course with what they really have there? Their notes are refused. Cash is called for.—

The inhabitants of the banking towns will get what is in the vaults, until a few banks declare their insolvency; when, the general crash becoming evident, the others will withdraw even the cash they have, declare their bankruptcy at once, and leave an empty house and empty safes for the holders of their notes. In this scramble of creditors, the country gets nothing, the town but little. What are they to do? Bring suits?—A million of creditors bring a million of suits against John Nokes and Robert Styles, wherever to be found? ALL NONSENSE.—THE LOSS IS TOTAL, AND A SUM IS THUS SWINDLED FROM OUR CITIZENS OF SEVEN TIMES THE AMOUNT OF THE REAL DEBT, AND FOUR TIMES THAT OF THE FACTITIOUS ONE OF THE U. STATES AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR (revolutionary). All this they will justly charge upon the legislatures; but this will be poor satisfaction for the two or three hundred millions they will have lost. It is time, then, for the public functionaries to look to this. Perhaps it may not be too late."

Such is the manner in which the sage of Monticello viewed the increase of banks. It has become fashionable to charge the late increase of these institutions to Jackson's veto of the United States Bank. But they are born of avarice.—They are applied for by men who prefer the short cut of a financial operation, in obtaining wealth, to the severe, but sure, and healthy, and honest, process of industry and economy. Such men are of every party and of every age. They seek charter privileges to promote their selfish ends; and hence, instead of an aristocracy of nobles, there has sprung up among us an aristocracy of interest; for one charter only paved the way for another—and still another—until the land groaned beneath its burdens. Its effects, Jefferson foretold accurately: let reflecting minds say whether he could have written much more to the purpose had he beheld the events of the few past years. The paper circulation commenced early. In 1803, there were thirty-four banks, with a capital of \$28,000,000; in 1804, sixty-six banks, with a capital of \$83,102,000. "EVERY ONE KNOWS"—says Jefferson, in 1813—"THE IMMENSE MULTIPLICATION OF THESE INSTITUTIONS SINCE 1804." He then calculated that this capital had trebled. It was as true then as it is true now, that men love money; and as banks were considered good machines where with to make it, they were resorted to. And in 1839, before the paper circulation had reached Jefferson's estimate—notwithstanding the Boston merchants, in their MEMORIAL (February 1836) for a TEN MILLION BAND demonstrated! that the currency was "in a sound state" that there was "an over-issue of paper"—that it was "not redundant"—"apparent from its being maintained on a level with the currencies of other countries with whom we have the most extensive commercial dealings"—that "no drain upon our coin" was even apprehended, and positively affirmed "THAT WE HAVE NEVER HAD

A MORE PROSPEROUS BUSINESS THAN DURING THE PRECEDING YEAR, NOR OFTEN A BETTER PROMISE FOR THE EXISTING ONE"—notwithstanding all this, the next year after this MEMORIAL, signed by Henry Lee and the shrewdest merchants of Boston, was offered, the crash came—the banks became bankrupt—a million of creditors were ready to bring suits against the John Nokes and Robert Styles all over the land; and widows and orphans were robbed of their support; and labor was deprived of its bread; and honor and morality buried beneath special charter-laws; and that "scandal to all human legislation" witnessed the passage of laws authorizing a suspension of specie payments by the banks. John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, and John Tyler have been thought severe in their renunciation of the enormities of banking. But Thomas Jefferson placed himself boldly against its swelling and corrupting tide; and often predicted its ruinous effects; and again and again put forth his prophetic warnings. He says—

"THE TRUTH IS, THAT CAPITAL MAY BE PRODUCED BY INDUSTRY, AND ACCUMULATED BY ECONOMY; BUT JUGGLERS ONLY WILL PROPOSE TO CREATE IT BY LEGERDEMAIN TRICKS WITH PAPER."

"THE OBJECT OF PAPER EMISSIONS IS TO ENRICH SWINDLERS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE HONEST AND INDUSTRIOUS PART OF THE NATION."

Boston federalists love to call Jefferson a visionary; and Boston merchants claim all the wisdom and foresight of "practical men;" Jefferson, in 1813, reasoned from the operations of known laws and came to accurate conclusions; the latter, matter of men, in 1836, reasoned from false premises, and were lamentably deceived. For who now is not ready to admit that the prosperity of 1834-'5 & '6—the prosperity of speculators in eastern lands—in wharf lots and mill cities—in India rubber and malleable iron companies—in the wildest schemes that ever schemers could invent—was not fallacious—was not a national dream, and only a prelude to ruin, distress, and bitter chagrin? Yet all parts of the splendid dream were set down in the note-books of even shrewd Boston merchants as actual reality! as though down east stones were actually worth dollars the acre! as though some SEVEN MILLIONS could be secured to Massachusetts

by selling State scrip on the London Exchange in about twenty years!

Stranger still: a dominant party, at the nod and beck of a desperate and reckless politician mad with victory, are seeking to renew these scenes—yes, to perpetuate banking and all its evils! and dare to quote the *Apostle of Liberty* to favor the corrupt rise of a moneyed aristocracy.

From the Republican Journal.

### The Reign of Terror.

The reign of Federalism is always that of terror. No righteous obstacle turns its onward course, when an object of party or individual aggrandizement is in view. The history of the party, in State and Nation, for two years past, is but a record of violated faith, of broken pledges, of hypocrisy and treachery, of usurpation, and extravagance. The constitution, while they have talked of the sacredness of contracts, has been grossly violated in the State and National Legislatures; every species of immorality, while they have preached up virtue, have been used as weapons to force their way to power; most shameful extravagance, while they pledged economy, has characterized the management of the public moneys; while they impudently assumed the title of Democrats, they are now laboring for the establishment of ultra Federal schemes which will grind the masses to the dust, and which have again and again been decisively repudiated and condemned by the people. The hot haste of an extra session, before men's minds had become calmed, and able to exercise cool judgement and discretion; the avowal of measures which they had warmly disavowed; and the determination to push through with such indecent haste, measures of most vital importance to the people, and which must even revolutionize society—which they characterize the party of Aristocrats, fully point out their sway as the "Reign of Terror."

As if pre-concerted and arranged by the Terrorists, that the people of Maine might not be too suddenly astounded at the view of old Federalism at work in the council hall of the Union, disbanded of even its former remains of decency, the portion of power here set to work with accustomed avidity, to give us a foretaste of what was coming soon on a larger scale. The history of their doings must still be fresh in the minds of all, for such roguery can neither be forgotten nor forgiven. But as these men are now asking for power again, their misdeeds should be kept in view, and their incapacity and treachery remembered.

The insult offered to Governor Fairfield was an appropriate prologue to the disgraceful drama.

Henceforth, by a necessary construction of the Constitution, and generally acquiesced in, the old Governor continues in office beyond the prescribed term, until a quorum of the Senate and House has appeared, qualifies the members as they come from day to day, and until the new Governor is declared and sworn in. He receives the Governor's elect, and attends him during the ceremony of his induction. This has been the invariable custom since the formation of the Government; but, apparently for the sole purpose of inflicting an insult upon Gov. Fairfield, this rule was this year set aside. The President of the Senate, (Mr. Vose,) announced that he was acting Governor of the State, and could no longer act as head of the Senate. He was the first to make the discovery. Governor Fairfield had already acted several days beyond his prescribed term, in qualifying members, which Governor Vose had acquiesced in; did he not therefore quietly submit to an infringement of the Constitution, according to his constructions? It was bad in principle for five days as for a fortnight; but his assumption at the first would not be so great an indignity to Gov. Fairfield, as if he was disturbed some days after, when exercising usurped power. The Federal Senators acquiesced in the assumption of Hon. Richard H. Vose, and passed an order to the Executive Council, that Mr. Vose would be acting Governor until a new one was qualified. All allusion to Gov. Fairfield seems carefully to have been excluded; the messenger, (Mr. Pike,) was careful not to notice Gov. Fairfield, in delivering the message to the Council; and self-selected Mr. Vose, marching towards the chair then occupied by Gov. Fairfield, did not confess to take any notice of him whatever.—No excuse can be offered to palliate these insults. They were all coolly and deliberately performed, and the only design was to inflict contemptuous insult upon a man, mentally and morally, their says—

In another State, the terrorists purchased scoundrels from abroad to offset the votes of free-men at home; but our terrorists neutralized independent freemen by the employment of home paupers. In the Albion case, a pauper's vote was made to decide who should represent a town. The Constitution excludes paupers from voting. Messrs. Burrell and Taylor claimed seats as Representatives from Albion. The former, a Federalist, exhibited the certificate of his election from the board of Selectmen, of which he was a member, and which was composed of his political friends; the latter, a Democrat, contested the seat upon the ground that three of the votes cast for Mr. Burrell were illegal, while the legality of neither was disputed. The votes as counted by the Selectmen, were represented to be for Mr. Burrell 165, for Mr. Taylor 164; and of course the illegality of either of the votes cast for Mr. Burrell would have defeated his election. One of the three alleged illegal votes was cast by Benj. Morrill, a Bangor pauper, who had received supplies from that city within three months prior to the election. This fact was not denied, but it was assumed that the Constitution did not apply to his case, as he did not receive supplies from the town in which he lived! The Constitution makes no such distinction, but excepts from voting the general class of "paupers!" The fact of Morrill's being a pauper, was settled by proving that he received relief from Bangor, his place of residence does not alter the application of the Constitution, nor the fact that he was pauper. In violation of the plainest evidence of the illegality of this and the other votes, and the alleged wrong in rejecting two legal votes cast for Mr. Taylor, the House confirmed Mr.

*Burrill in his seat!* The Federalists had a large majority in the House, and had not even the poor excuse for the fraud, that it was necessary to secure their ascendancy: it was a wanton, wilful, and unnecessary fraud, in open violation of evidence plain as day. Albion was therefore misrepresented by a pauper-elected member; and this outrage upon the Constitution and the people was unblushingly supported by the majority. The principles here supported is, that paupers can reside in one town and vote, while they receive supplies from the town to which they belong. But it is characteristic of the latitudinarians, and is an appropriate act to the Reign of Terror.

We shall continue these reminiscences, to refresh the memories of our readers, and bring the "qualifications" of the office-holders up to view.

Mr. Swartwout.

A Correspondent of the Boston Post has the following sketch of Swartwout, the defaulter:

"Mr. Swartwout was appointed Collector of the Port of New York by General Jackson, in defiance of the remonstrances of the best men of his party. Mr. Churchill C. Cambreleng, in an especial manner, protested against the appointment, and by so doing well nigh estranged the regards of the then President. His objections were, that Swartwout was not a friend or an advocate of the principles of the then Administration; and besides that he plainly stated that he had no confidence in his integrity. General Jackson insisted on Swartwout's appointment on the ground that he was the son of one of the oldest and best friends he ever had, and inasmuch as there could not be found any specific charge to be preferred against him, and he was opposed to Waldo, and their brethren throughout the State? Are they now deaf to the treachery against their liberties developing in Congress? In this struggle every man is deeply interested; and to the farmers, mechanics, and laborers of the "Star in the East" the eyes of the true-hearted in the Union are directed, and they are earnestly implored to be true to themselves, their country, and the sacred principles they have so often triumphantly vindicated and asserted.

"As early as the month of January, 1834, Mr. Swartwout openly avowed himself the foe of the then Administration, and enacted the part of chairman of a political caucus which was held in the city of New York, and at which Judge White was nominated a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. Van Buren. He was in fact, dead, and in principle, a Whig; and his every day associates were Webb, Noah, Stone, Ogden Hoffman, Edward Currie, and the rest of the leaders of the New York Whigs. In consequence of this association, he became identified with the Texan revolution, and made large advances, as it is supposed, from the Custom House funds, to carry on the war. The same incidents brought him into close connection with George Poinsett, an old friend and associate, with whom he had probably rioted many years."

"As soon as the defalcation of Swartwout was detected by the Secretary of the Treasury, his Whig associates turned round and abused him; he was denounced by them as a scape-grace, and it was proclaimed from the house-top that he was a Democrat, and that the friends of Mr. Van Buren were responsible for his embezzlements and forgeries. It was in vain that we denied the fact; the Whigs swore to it most lustily, and to many even of the professed friends of the then Administration, swallowed the poison, and voted accordingly.

"The tables, however, are now turned. The Whigs are in power; and in the fulness of the pride of power, they now call Swartwout back from his exile; they granted him a *cartel* of immunity and protection, and he is at this moment the god of their idolatry; and a very lion in Wall street. Who would surprise to find him, and by his regular candidate for the Presidency?

"The New York Express, one of the most ample and unscrupulous organs of the Whig party, thus speaks of this returned hero:—

"The appearance of Mr. Swartwout, the old Collector, in the streets of the city yesterday created something of a sensation. Always personally popular, and now believing that he had been in something wronged by men with whom he was associated, he was greeted with much of cordiality."

There's for you! He was always personally popular, and it is now believed that he is a wronged man. Gentlemen Whigs, take your prodigal son to your bosoms; press him closely, and do justice to your hero."

### AN IMPARTIAL WITNESS.

Buckingham, the celebrated traveller, gives the following account of the Federal Party in America:—

"The Conservatives are here called Whigs; and they correspond in political character and sentiment with the Whigs of England being quite as loud in their professions of liberal principles, but quite as unwilling to carry them out into practice. One of their leading organs lately published a very remarkable essay, signed 'Sidney,' attributed to the pen of a prominent leader of the Whig party, which, besides advocating Conservative principles generally, went the length of saying, that experience had shown that there was as much chance of obtaining a good chief magistrate by hereditary descent as by popular election, and that, consequently, the monarchical principle was as favorable to liberty as the republican. This doctrine was so acceptable to the greater number of the Whigs, that most of their newspapers lauded it; until it was attacked with such ability and force in the Democratic prints, that the young men among the Whigs felt it necessary to hold a public meeting to disown their participation in any such doctrine, and to declare themselves to be uncompromising Republicans.

"As far, however, as I was able to discover, by my intercourse with editors and political men of all parties, and by comparison of their journals, I found the American Whigs to be quite as conservatives as their name-sakes at home.—They are nearly all in favor of giving wealth a more open and direct influence than it now possesses, in the suffrage for elections, and would be glad to exclude from the electoral body all who have not some fixed amount of property."

"Such is the testimony of a disinterested observer concerning the 'Whigs' of the United States, and we submit to the people whether it is not founded in truth! The Federalists frequently

disguise their wishes, but ever and anon, some 'Sidney' among them lifts the veil and exposes their real features. They practised this disguise to perfection last year, but since they have got into power, they are developing all their iniquitous projects, with a celerity and a boldness, which 'Sidney' himself could hardly equal!—THEY ARE WATCHED, HOWEVER, BY THE PEOPLE, AND WILL SOON BE BROUGHT TO JUDGMENT!—Eastern Argus,

From the Republican Journal.

### ORGANIZE!

The Federalists are most industriously and desperately at work, secretly and in silence, even in midnight hours, organizing their forces, and preparing every thing for close ranks and a hard battle. Their wicked abuse of power they know will render a hard contest necessary to give them a chance of success. Are all our friends aware of the great responsibility resting upon them?—Do they not know that we enter the field with thousands against us, rendered by the infamous apportionment, which has disfranchised thousand of our fellow citizens? Do they not know that a new apportionment falls upon the next Legislature, and that the perfidious are straining every nerve to secure the chance of again violating their charters, and cutting and carving the State to secure the ascendancy of bad men and tyrannical measures for ten years to come? Have they forgotten the insults and oppression heaped upon Waldo, and their brethren throughout the State? Are they now deaf to the treachery against their liberties developing in Congress? In this struggle every man is deeply interested; and to the farmers, mechanics, and laborers of the "Star in the East" the eyes of the true-hearted in the Union are directed, and they are earnestly implored to be true to themselves, their country, and the sacred principles they have so often triumphantly vindicated and asserted.

"Organize! Form your Committees, and put upon them men of the right old spirit—that are not afraid to work themselves, and will incite others to work. See that every district be thoroughly canvassed, that when the battle comes every thing will be ready to meet it. Let no man trust a tit to his neighbor, but take hold heartily himself—

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

### FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.

"Freedom of speech and of the Press," is a principle that every true hearted American will readily embrace, but it is a doctrine very unpalatable to the federalists. They would be glad at once to muzzle the press and put a stop to discussion. They have already passed a resolution in the House of Representatives, that no member shall speak longer than one hour at a time. This is as far as they dare go at present; but in this they have encroached upon one of the dearest rights of American freemen, and trampled upon one of the fundamental principles of our Government. It was a daring step in the federalists to pass that act, but it was not only a step in the system which if not rebuked by the people, will yet deprive them of their liberties.—

"The tables, however, are now turned. The Whigs are in power; and in the fulness of the pride of power, they now call Swartwout back from his exile; they granted him a *cartel* of immunity and protection, and he is at this moment the god of their idolatry; and a very lion in Wall street. Who would surprise to find him, and by his regular candidate for the Presidency?

"The federalists have passed this resolution, that they may be enabled to force through their measures without their odious principles being exposed—they have nothing to say in jurisdiction of them. But if they have nothing to say in favor of their measures, they have no right to deprive the minority of fully discussing their merits. "Error of opinion is to be tolerated whilst reason is left free to combat it," says Jefferson; but the federalists are determined that reason shall not combat their errors, and accordingly crush it by brute force.—*Hartford Times*.

### MORE TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

There was a terrible explosion in the Treasury department at Washington, on Saturday last. Mr. Ewing, it seems, was at Baltimore, but had left orders with his new head of the Land Bureau, who had just gone into office, to give written notices to thirteen of his clerks, that their services were no longer wanted by the Secretary of the Treasury. The notices were accordingly sent, and a hungry set of office seekers from Ohio, Indiana, &c., stood ready to jump into the shoes of the dismissed. When lo!—to use the language of the Washington correspondent of the *New York Post*—"the master was brought to the notice of the President, who protested, and truly, that he had not been consulted in the matter, and that was contrary to his policy and his wishes." He sent for Mr. Huntington, (Mr. Ewing having absconded) and made him a speech—setting forth that the proscription doctrine was not the Virginia doctrine—nor his doctrine—nor the doctrine of the whigs before the election.—It was not Mr. Webster's doctrine, when he came down to the Virginia platform, under an October sun; and in short, he, John Tyler, could not countenance it under present circumstances, and as at present advised. So he concluded by moving the previous question—gag

pone decision on the three remaining cases, was forthwith given and executed!"

A rumor was in circulation that Mr. Ewing would resign. We shall see. The sky thickens. Look out for more squalls.—*Bay State Democrat.*

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, AUGUST 17, 1841.

#### FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN FAIRFIELD.

For the Oxford Democrat.

MR. EDITOR: Having made all the objections to the vulnerable parts of Tyro's communications that I have a desire to, I now proceed to make a few observations in relation to the meeting of the Legislature Biennially and likewise in relation to the limitation of the number of Representatives to one hundred and fifty-one. If the amendments proposed last winter are adopted by the people, we shall not only have our elections once in two years, but we shall also have a Legislature only once in two years, and even when we do have it, we shall have only one hundred and fifty-one Representatives.

Now I consider that there is a vast difference in these questions. I think any individual may disapprove of some of them while he approves of others.—Having Biennial elections, is one thing; and having Biennial Legislatures and only one hundred and fifty-one Representatives, is another, and a very different thing. So that, although I might approve and sustain the former, I should, at the same time, repudiate and discard the latter.

What would be the consequences of having our Legislature meet only once in two years? In the first place, we should have protracted Sessions—Sessions that would stretch from January to June, and even longer—Sessions that would wear out, fatigue, and consequently incapacitate the members for business. In those protracted Sessions many of the members would have interests that they must oversee and superintend at home. They could not, under such circumstances, devote their whole attention, as they ought, to the public weal. They could not concentrate their energies of mind and body, and bring into action all their powers for the promotion of the public good. It is, therefore, plainly to be seen that this would be one consequence of Biennial Sessions.

Then, again, there is a vast amount of business accruing every year that would be deferred. This postponement would often prove very detrimental to the public interest. It might prove seriously so in relation to public offices. By meeting annually, the Legislature have the opportunity of scrutinizing the Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of State, Land Agent, etc., and ascertaining whether these officers have done their duty. If they were to meet Biennially the conduct of these responsible and important officers would not be subject to this annual ordeal. The consequence would be that the State would sometimes suffer, and sometimes the officers—the former from the impunity allowed them for so long a time—the latter by the suspicions to which an opponent might give publicity.

This is not the only business that would be neglected if the Legislature met only Biennially; much business both of a local and general nature calls for the annual supervision of the Legislature. The multitude of Banks, as now constituted, need almost constant oversight. The State Finances, although not in a deplorable state, call annually for the care of the Legislature. Then there are appropriations for the Militia, Colleges, Seminaries, Internal Improvements, &c., which could not be provided for two years in advance, without, in many cases, great injustice.—And how could the people of this State affix an amendment to their Constitution that would debar them from making the effort to turn out such a Legislature as we had last winter? The Senate, of which, openly insulted the late Governor,—the House, of which, dastardly skulked from their seats at the presentation of a Democratic protest! The Constitution, in one respect least, would be void, if it did not forever guarantee the power to change, annually, some of the branches of the Legislature so as to prevent such partizan Apportionment Resolves as were passed last winter, from ever going into effect. Such an Apportionment Bill never could have passed if we had had Biennial elections with half the Representatives and Senators chosen annually. This I mean, in this place, because it is the only practical mode of having Biennial elections. The above are the more obvious reasons why I should be opposed to Biennial Sessions of the Legislature.

In regard to limiting the number of Representatives to 151, it needs no language of mine to condemn it. The number in this State never was so small as 151, and we hope it never will be. A large number of Representatives is not proved to be injurious to a State. But, on the contrary, many advantages arise from it. Each member attends the Legislature, gets more or less acquainted with the interests of the State, and when he returns to his constituents, he communicates his knowledge to them, and consequently much useful information is circulated among the people.—By this interchange of feeling and knowledge between the Representative and his constituents, community is benefited, confidence is made stronger in the public functionaries, and our Republican form of Government more highly esteemed.

There may be too large a number of Representatives. This is the case in Mass. where they have between 300 and 400. This is a very large number.—It not only retards the progress of business, but also very materially lessens personal responsibility. Members are very often absent, saying to themselves there is enough without me. This state of things is to be lamented. We have not made a very near approach to it, and we need not fear that our Constitution will ever pattern that of Mass. in this particular.

The number of 200 for this State would come very near the mark. Few would complain that this was too few or too many. The number would not be so small as to become aristocratic.

You now, Mr. Editor, have my views of this whole matter. I consider the proposed amendments an ill-digested affair, got up entirely for the purpose of diverting public attention from other and more important subjects. If there had been a proposition to choose a Governor Biennially, half the Senators and Representatives Biennially, with meetings of the Legislature annually, and limiting the number of Representatives to 200, I would have voted in favor of it. But, as it is, I shall vote against it, and persuade all I can to do so likewise.

.....

MR. EDITOR: It is really pleasing to look abroad over the political firmament and witness the unity and determination of the Democratic party. In this State nothing can be more cheering than this State of feeling. We have been most severely galled by the ruling dynasty. The Democratic party has been most unprovokedly insulted in the person of Gov. Fairfield. The State has been unusually taxed for the payment of an almost unprecedented long Session of the Legislature. The Apportionment Resolves, which were a very important item in the business of the late Session, were passed with entire reference to the perpetuation of the present party in power, wholly regardless of the Constitution of the State. And last, but not least, by a decision of the late Legislature, Pauperism has become a local and not, as has heretofore been the case, a personal incapacity.

If this state of things is suffered to remain, and such things be passed over with impunity, what may we not finally anticipate? What is our Constitution worth to us, or what protection does it afford to individual or social rights, if it can be so palpably disregarded? We can, recklessly reverse the decisions of former years merely for party purposes, viewing nothing to be sacred that obstructs their wishes, what reliance can be placed on written Constitutions or Laws. If these things are allowed so to be, we ought not to be surprised at anything, and we ought to consider our Constitution valueless. For of what use are Statutes unless obeyed, or of what use is a Legislature unless it conform to the Constitution and act for the public good? The answer is obvious, it is of no use.

Then why continue such a party in power? After they have forfeited all confidence and respect—after they have basely violated their public trusts, why continue them in power? For proof that they have so done—that they have violated the Constitution, and that they have betrayed their trust, every page of the late Legislative proceedings is a living witness. We would say, therefore, to every friend of good order—to every lover of honesty, and to every defender of the Constitution, read the proof and convince yourselves. You can then find whether your servants have done right or wrong. You can then satisfy yourself whether the present miscalculed Whig party is worthy your support.

And if you shall then find that you have been deceived, that you have been led astray under false pretences, desert such enemies of your country, such enemies to liberty. And may I not ask you to go further, and not only desert them, but lay hold on the only hope set before you, for your country's good, the Democratic Party. A party to which many of us have been attached. A party to which many of us have been betrayed. A party to which many of us have been deceived, but honest, fellow citizens have very recently attached themselves. A party that has existed in this country from time immemorial, and always, although occasionally betrayed by false friends, patriotically sustained the interests of our common country from the time of Washington to the present moment.

Under existing circumstances, with a General Government that can attend to but little except the removal of Officers, and with a State Government that is inclined to follow in its footsteps, how can we suppose the interests of Maine, the Boundary in particular, can be attended to? It cannot be attended to, it will not, although so vastly important—it will not be attended to. It will not be touched. The inclination is still to delay, delay. Give us more diplomacy.—But shall these interests be delayed? Shall we longer suffer by such stupidity on the part of our Rulers? We would therefore appeal to men of all parties to unite with us to elect the Democratic Ticket, that we may, at least, have some hope of reforming the abuses of the State. We are happy to find that there is union in the Democratic ranks—that there is nothing to distract or obstruct its interests, and nothing, with the accession we have lately received, to oppose its onward march to victory.

.....

The drought in this region is exceedingly severe. We have had no rain since the first week in July. The Thermometer, in the mean time, ranging from 85 to 95 deg. The sun most scorching. Corn and potatoe will, almost, be a total failure. Crops of hay have been good. Wheat and oats promise pretty well. Fall feed is nothing, the pastures and grass fields are completely dried up. Indeed we have had no season, take it all in all, so discouraging since that of 1816. Many old farmers say that the springs are quite as low now as they were any time in that year.

#### A SHORT DIRECTION FOR FEDERAL DEMAGOGUES.

Find the account for the use of horses, connected with the Aroostook expedition, and having selected those charges, which appear most extravagant, blazon them in great capitals, and with a plentiful besprinkling of exclamation points.

Be careful not to add, that this account was not paid, until it had been examined and approved by two practical men, of one from each political party.—Age.

SPECIE GOING.—The Great Western carried out \$75,000 in Specie—the Emerald that sailed on Monday for England, took out \$180,000.

DEATHS in New York for the week ending last Saturday, 202—131 were under 5 years of age.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Aug. 12.  
ALABAMA.

An election for Governor and members of the Legislature took place in Alabama on the 2nd instant. The question whether members of Congress shall hereafter be chosen by general ticket (as the April election,) or by districts as had been done previously, was submitted to the people at this election. The returns annexed show that many who voted for the Opposition candidate for Governor, voted also for the district system:

Counties.	M'Clung (W.)	Fitzpatrick District (Opp.)	Gen. Ticket.
Dallas,	287	73	320
Cossa,	185	703	316
Autauga,	357	609	501
Montgomery,	753	716	882
Macon,	200m		450m.
Lowlades,		90m.	
Butler,	581	237	577
	2308	2493	3046
			1932

The above Counties last November gave a Whig majority of 1483. Now, an Opposition majority of 125. Whig loss, 1608. The Whigs have lost a Representative in Autauga County; in the other Counties above named, there is no change from last year.

#### INDIANA.

The election took place on the 3rd. inst., and was only for members of Legislature. The returns for members of the House of Representatives, so far as heard from, are subjoined:

1841.	1840.	
Counties. W.	Opp. W. V. B.	
Floyd,	1	1
Bearborn,		3 4
Franklin,		2 2
Switzerland,	1	1
Jefferson,	2	3
Marion,	1	1 2
Wayne,	3	4
	8	6 17 0

Showing a Whig loss, in the above Counties, of 9 members, and a Loco gain of 6. This variation results from the fact that a new apportionment of members has been adopted since the election of 1840. The Senate is henceforth to consist of 50 members, and the House, 100. Last year the Senate compromised 32 Whigs and 15 Locos; House, 78 Whigs and 22 Locos. Majority in the Senate last year, 17; in the House, 56.

The Whigs have lost a Senator in Jefferson County, having run two candidates. In Dearborn and Franklin Counties the Whig Senators hold over; it being provided by the new bill that the Senators elected prior to its passage, should serve out their terms, which are two years from the date of their election.

#### KENTUCKY.

The election took place on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th inst. It is only for members of the Legislature. The Whigs have gained a Representative in Campbell County, and lost one in Fayette.—In the other Counties heard from, (only two or three,) there is no change from last year.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, of Aug. 9th.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9th, 1841.

I have ascertained, to my own entire satisfaction, that the *Bank Bill* will be returned by the President, with his objections. I am aware that a different impression prevails among some very prominent persons, but they are influenced by their wishes rather than by their judgment, any body who knows Mr. Tyler must know that it is impossible for him to sign that Bill upon any ground whatever, except that he is bound to do it by some party pledge. But no such pledge has he ever given; and he is perfectly free to exercise his judgment in the matter.

A Cabinet Council was held to-day, on the subject of the Bank, and Mr. Tyler then, probably laid before them his views. The Council was four or five hours in session. The President asked his several ministers to give him their opinions in writing.

From the Augusta Age.

#### Don't throw away your Powder!

The Federalists, feeling confident of supremacy in the next Legislature, by means of their gerrymandering, and knowing that Gov. Kent will fall short thousands of votes, of a re-election by the popular suffrage, are intriguing to prevent a choice of Governor by the people, because no choice, as they think and have reason to think, is worth as much to them, as the election of their candidate.

With this view, they succeeded in procuring the nomination of a Democrat, as the Abolition candidate, in the hope of decoying off Democratic voters.

With this view, they are everywhere urging the disaffected in their own ranks, who refuse to vote for Kent, to vote for Curtis, or to scatter their votes.

We hope that at least no Democrat will be taken in by this shallow artifice. Every vote, not for Gov. Fairfield, is a vote, in effect, for Gov. Kent. So the Federalists understand it, and let no Democrat be deceived.

Without going into a detail of the enormous and tyrannical outrages enacted by the present Administration of the State, the single fact that Gov. Kent approved and sanctioned the unconstitutional gerrymander, to oppress and disfranchise the Democracy, is sufficient of itself to determine every Democrat's duty. And not only is the past to be avenged, but the future is to be provided for. The House is to again be apportioned next winter, and if Gov. Kent again reaches the Gubernatorial Chair through a Legislative election, there is no outrage upon the Constitution and the rights of the people, however barefaced and palpable, which he will not again sanction and approve.

To every Democrat then, who detests oppression and the oppressor, we again say, the only sure way to vote against Gov. Kent is to vote for Governor Fairfield.

Deaths in New York for the week ending last Saturday, 202—131 were under 5 years of age.

Don't throw away your Powder!

#### The last Presidential Election.

The way the federalists carried on the election campaign will not be very soon forgotten. We doubt not they would like to have the mountains cover them from the disgrace which attaches them in consequence of their demoralizing course, but this cannot be; their deeds, whether before or after the election, will not, and the polluting scenes which were enacted by men claiming all the moral, religious, learning, &c., should be held up as a caution to political aspirants, hereafter to be a little circumspect in the means which they may adopt to secure power and the spoils of office. We copy the following from the Detroit Free Press.

*Buy State Democrat.*

COON-SKIN HUMBUGGERY.—We were an eye witness of the performances of the whig party in this city on the 30th of last September. We saw a log cabin drawn by twenty yoke of cattle through the streets—we saw coon-skins nailed upon the sides of the monument of whigery; we saw old men, young men and women, following in the wake of the whig sanctum sanctorum. Yes, although ashamed to say it, we saw the fair daughters of Michigan, paddling through the mud of our streets, ankle deep, with brass medals tied around their necks, upon which were inscribed log cabins and other mottoes, following up this illustration of "whig principles openly avowed, and publicly declared."

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POETRY.

From the Portland Tribune.

Who are the Happy?

It is not he who coffers filled—  
With silver and with gold—  
Spurning the child whose limbs are chilled—  
With winter's piercing cold.  
  
Not he who climbs the giddy height—  
Where proud ambition reigns—  
Who as he urges on his flight  
The voice of grief disdains.  
  
Not he whose cold and selfish breast—  
Ne'er felt for others' woes—  
Who never had the orphan blest,  
Nor wiped the tears that flow.  
  
Not he who when his neighbor falls,  
Extends no friendly hands—  
And when his suffering brother calls,  
At a proud distance stands.  
  
Not he who labors to destroy  
His brother's worthy name—  
Whose hours base calumnies employ,  
His neighbor to defame.  
  
These are not happy. They alone—  
Who live to bless mankind—  
Who other's sorrows make their own,  
True happiness will find.  
  
Whose days with generous acts are filled,  
Enjoy each passing hour—  
Do on a firm foundation build,  
And Heaven's own smile secure.

D. C. C.

Who are the Wise?

They who have governed with a self control  
Each wild and baneful passion of the soul—  
Curbed the strong impulse of fierce desires,  
But kept alive affection's pure fires:  
  
They who have passed the labyrinth of life,  
Without one hour of weakness or of strife;  
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,  
Humble though rich, and dignified though poor—  
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart—  
Learned in the lore which nature can impart—  
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud,  
Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud,  
Looking for good in all beneath the skies:  
These are the truly wise!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Brother Jonathan.

Watch Returns.

RIVAL SCHOOLMASTERS.

A certain eruditus exotic from the "Green Isle," keeps a school up town. His name is not Patrick O'Grady, Esq.; but for fear of consequences, we will call him so for present purposes. His college for teaching the young idea how to shoot, having been until very recently the only one in the neighborhood, is full of curly-headed urchins of all ages from four to a dozen years, dotted here and there with a few leviantian rascals of some fifteen or sixteen summers, who are dead in all the learned branches from nothing up to every thing—but are especially famous for the masterly manner in which they mount the knee-high aspirants to knowledge on their backs; whenever the master-spirit chooses to relax his lettered labors, and to amuse his learned leisure by walking into their affections with his indefatigable cat-o'-nine-tails. High and mighty indeed is the position of Patrick O'Grady, Esq., in the neighborhood, sacred to the influence of his erudit mind, and the dominion of his awful catapult for driving knowledge into the brain, by way of the dorsal region; but with a grim black cloud has recently set upon the horizon of his existence, in the person of a rival teacher, who has dared to transplant himself from the village of Corrofin in the South of the Isle of Saints, for the purpose as it were of becoming a shadow—a sort of speck in the sun—upon the glories of the O'Grady. This new comer does not rejoice in the cognomen of Timothy O'Purcell, but so we shall take the liberty of calling him.

Since the appearance of the O'Purcell in the irradiated sphere of the O'Grady, dire and wonderful has been the excitement in all quarters, for the people have divided themselves into two factions—led on by the rival teachers—so that between the O'Gradyites and the O'Purcellites, a tornado is created in the world of letters to a certain extent—which is, we are inclined to apprehend, one of those portentous signs and wonders which are to precede the end of all things. We do not mean to say that the O'Purcellites are as yet a match for the O'Gradyites; by no means—but they are certainly waxing in strength; and to make bad worse, they are rising on the ruins of the opposition—for, alas! the O'Purcells to a man are nothing else than converted O'Gradyites.

For sometime the great O'Grady suppressed his mighty wrath, or at least only gave vent to it, whenever the O'Purcell came in his way, on which occasions he would amuse himself with a contemptuous "fish!" or a cut and thrust with his walking cane at nothing, to the end that the opposition might flatter himself into the notion that he had just received a devil of a whipping—or else with a strong curl of his indignant nose, which, like the little pug dog's tail, often went within an ace of lifting the learned professor of every thing completely off the ground.

Things had gone on in this way for some months, the O'Purcell taking a slice or two occasionally from the O'Grady's big loaf, but still doing him no very great harm, as the scholars

he got were mostly those, who were taken from the first of the Mohicans, because he had the impudence to grumble at taking them for nothing—when suddenly a bright idea entered the noddle of number two, which turned the odds directly in his favor, and nearly drove number one out of his seventy-seven senses; for all Irish schoolmasters have just eleven times as many senses as common people in general.

This bright idea was no other than the erection of a huge sign over his door, having thereon painted in a circle of flourishes, compared to which the gordian knot was as simple as taking a glass of brandy and water, this awful announcement:

THE CAPUTACUMENTIC ACADEMY,  
CONDUCTED ON

THE PERCELONIAN SYSTEM,

This wonderful stroke of genius, we say, did poor O'Grady's business, for as nobody could make out what the dickens it meant, of course O'Purcell was immediately put down as the very Norway kraken of literature and learning; and accordingly the scholars began to roll into him like wrinkling; while rumor, unable otherwise to account for such a tremendous explosion of erudition, began to give out that the mighty founder of the Percelonian system had no shadow, by reason that he had sold out to the devil, a la Dr. Faustus, as a quid pro quo for his superhuman acquirements.

The O'Grady now plainly perceived that "pishing"—cutting the "cat and nine tail's" exercise with his walking stick—or even lifting himself into the elements by the fair dint of curling up his indignant nose, would serve his purpose no longer; so he came to the resolution of challenging his rival to a trial of skill; and the challenge being accepted, the belligerents met last night at a public house in Mulberry street, where they remained hard at it until after 12 o'clock this morning.

It is not for us to tell the deeds of valor that were performed on either side—how they peppered each other with mathematics, fired volleys of Latin and Greek, charged with syntax and prosody—or cannoneaded with long words from ten to twenty-five syllables each, any one of which might have pulled the teeth out of a harrow; neither can we inform the curious reader how they advanced—deployed—retreated—came to the oblique step—and fired congrue rockets of grammar—mortars of arithmetic—and whole parks of artillery, grimly laden with all the learning that was ever seen, heard, or dreamt of; sufficient to say, that after toiling until midnight without being able to convince his opponent that he was wimp's, horse, foot and dragoons—Mr. O'Grady changed his mode of attack, by biting Mr. O'Purcell a poke in the nose that almost sent his erudit head on a voyage of discovery out of the nearest window.

Then of course the mental gave way to the physical, and the heroes went at it like fighting cocks, each utterly bent upon eating the other up without waiting for salt; but before they had made any progress in the meal, further than the slice of an ear, or the tip of a nose, or so, three or four Churleys rush'd to the rescue, and marched the belligerents away to the Tombs—not so much, perhaps, because they were going to sup on each other, as because they were both half seas-over.

The O'Grady is a tallish, lank, stoop-shouldered, knock-kneed individual, with a very pale, and we fear we might add, a very vulgar countenance; while the O'Purcell is a short round-about li'le gentleman. They were both dressed in black; and another feature in common between them, was their wounded ears and noses, to say nothing about their shirts, which had been torn to baby-rags in the fierce encounter. In this latter item, however, we are rather inclined to believe that the O'Purcell had the advantage—inasmuch as it strikes us as he was only victimized in the annihilation of a "dickey."

Magistrate—after hearing the opening on both sides.—You are pretty schoolmasters truly; you would make far better dock loafers, or gutter bullies.

O'Grady—with a brouge as broad as the Atlantic.—Personally I rebut the application of either of them own substances but they'll fit Mister O'Purcell to a T.

O'Purcell—indignantly.—Mister O'Grady, I hurl the insinuation back in your dental organs with the contempt it deserves. Your honor, permit me to assert that the *gentlemen* on my list is won on the last or the links on the jalous homo—a mere *ignis fatuus*, as Vargil said—that knows as much about twitlin' as Vaynus did ov nursin'childern or kunkin' stockings.

O'Grady, curling up his nose like a ram's horn—*Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum*, which being translated means, put a beggar on horseback an' he'll ride to the devil.

Your honor I call you to witness that I denounce Mister O'Purcell as a new comare!—a mere mushroom ov a scollar, who knows no more about Latin than a Turk does about the virtue of the seven penitential psalms. He a taicher? *Cæcus iter monstrare vult* which is as much as to say its the blind laidin the blind; for sure thin that would thrust him with their chidler, for the sublime purposes of edification, must have fewer eyes nor the Cyclops; while in the way ov learnin, the devl an' eye the principal of the Percelonian institution—(bad luck to him why didn't he call it Trinity College at wan!)—has at all at all.

O'Purcell—Your honor he's a mere sophicator of his own vernacular—and, as the vulgar say,—but let it be inter nos, a sort ov a Ju'dy O'Flannagan in furrin languages.

O'Grady—*Incta est aet al!* Mister O'Purcell, I'll have you shone on that slanderer—Me, a graduate from Trinity College, Dublin,

to be a Judy O'Flannagan in the furrin langusges! O! miserable dictu.

O'Purcell—The devl a toe in Trinity ever you wor—nor in Dublin either—barrin' at the time when you begged your way up as a poor scholar—(poor enough the Lord knows) to take shipping for Ameriky. He comes from Mullingar, your honor, where the ladies are all beef to the heels; an the mischiev renave the

air ov wan ov his feet he ever shovved into shiny leather till he was one and twenty. A graduate ov T. C. D. indeed—that would be a good ring stuck in a pig's ear in airist!

O'Grady, with a neither curl of the nose and an air ov vast importance—As Vargil said, *God profanum vulgus et arceo!*—"I despise and hate the vulgar," (pointing to O'Purcell, and grinning a grin of the most superlative contempt.) Your honor, ecce homo!

O'Purcell—He's fifty years behind the age, your honor. He purtains to teach mathematics, an' the classics, an' the old method ov hostin' the boys, an' whalin' the laruin into them. But his career was up when the Percelonian system rose on his horizon; for, as Caesar said, *Venit editi vici!*

O'Grady—You came, saw, and conquered!

You—Kerry bulrush, that's as vulgar as a humper potato, an' twist is grait an ignoramus. Just try us, your honor! Ax us a few questions in the dead languages—put us through our facings in Euclid, or the history ov the Haythain Gods an' Goddesses, or set us up a sum in decimels, an' if I don't bait the nose off his face, you may either hang me, or sentence me to tach school on the Percelonian system—which would be tin times worse. Thry uz, your honor, and let the watch-word be *re rictis!* That is, as the vulgar say, wo to the vanquished.

The magistrate being highly pleased, and no doubt edified with the above learned dialogue, made no effort to interrupt it until he arrived at this point, when he asked who struck the first blow.

"That your honor, did Misther O'Grady," returned the O'Purcell, "but allow me to extapate on—"

"*Da locum melioribus*,—which means (for I know you can't translate it yourself, you muskrat,) 'give place to your betters.' I deny the charge, your honor, an' I'll prove that Misther O'Purcell isn't to be believed under oath, for he's wimp wan ov the pillars out ov this gothic edifice—if you'd put him at it.

O'Purcell—He's durawin' his own character to a hair, your honor; his oaths would be deer at a penny a dozen.

O'Grady (with another big look, and a wave of his dexter hand.)—*satis verborum—resipere finem!* An' now I'll give you a dollar if you tell me what that means.

O'Purcell—It mains you need say no more, but look to the end! An' now, Misther O'Grady—

O'Grady—Another time avie, but I think you must lard'd it from wan ov my scholars, for such a daicive thredaction could never have emanated from the Percelonian system.

Much more was said on both sides, but his worship at length put an end to the erudit discourse by inform the learned gentleman that they might go about their business.

**MERMAID.**—An animal or fish answering the description of a Mermaid, has arrived at New York, from the river Amazon, where it was caught. It is now up for exhibition in that city. A naturalist who examined it says, an exceedingly timid and inoffensive animal, and soon abandons places frequented by man. It feeds on aquatic plants exclusively, and sleeps in shallow streams, with its head out of water. The flesh is highly esteemed, resembling veal in its flavor. The female brings forth two at a birth. It sees very imperfectly, but the defect is amply compensated by the extreme sensitiveness of hearing. It has tentacles on its breasts. It is between four and five feet long, and so gentle as to take food, such as hay, straw, grass, or other vegetables from the hand. In seizing its food, it uses both its hands, also its shaped extensible upper lip; its body terminates in a broad rounded tail or fin, and is covered thinly with short hairs.

**A REMARKABLE FACT.**—The sea-birds, the fulmar, guillemot and the razor-bill, cannot fly over the land at all, although they can rise from the surface of the sea with perfect facility, mount to an indefinite height, and fly with amazing rapidity so long as the sea is immediately beneath them, but no sooner do they fly above dry ground than they drop as if shot.

During a strong wind from the sea it often happens that these birds in mounting higher than the edge of the cliff, are suddenly blown a few yards over land, when they immediately fall, and can regain their natural element only by crawling to the edge of the precipice.

For each additional horse, five cents. For every coach, phæton or curriole, drawn by two horses including drivers, fifty cents. For each additional horse, five cents. For every single yoke of oxen, eight cents. For every wagon or cart drawn by one yoke of oxen, twenty cents. For every single horse wagon, twelve and a half cents. For every horse and chaise, twelve and a half cents. For every gig or sulky, horse, twelve and a half cents. For every single yoke of oxen, eight cents. For every additional horse, four cents. For every stage coach used for transporting the mail, drawn by two horses, driver and passengers, twenty-five cents.

For each additional horse, five cents. For every coach, phæton or curriole, drawn by two horses including horses, passengers and drivers, fifty cents. For drift horses or cattle per head, three cents. For sheep or swine per head, two cents. Of which all ferrymen as aforesaid will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

Attest—THOMAS CLARK, Clerk.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—Be reserved, says William Penn, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate; and intimate with very few and upon good grounds.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion—but in mind. A high sense of honor—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness toward those with whom we have dealings—are essential characteristics of a gentleman.

Envy is a cursed plant; some fibres of it are rooted in almost every man's nature, and it works in a sly imperceptible manner; and that even in some persons who in the main are persons of wisdom and piety. Avoid it as a mortal poison.

**MARRIAGE.**—In marriage, prefer the person before wealth; virtue, before beauty; and the mind before the body, and you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

"Well, I've cut off my dog's tail."  
"What did the dog do?"  
"Oh! he was off."  
"What did the tail do?"  
"That was off too."  
"You're a bit of a wag."  
"So was the stump."

**AN APOLOGY.**—A well dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologize. "Not a word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt any body."—N. Y. Atlas.

"Hallo massa! you put your saddle on wrong cend fast!"

"Bad luck to your black sow, how do you know what road I'm going to take?"

Why is a dog lame of one leg, like a boy ciphering? Because he "sets down three (legs) and carries one."

"You needn't look so almighty big!" as the boy said to the flea he was looking at through the microscope.

Truth is milky—so is cheese,  
Fancy is flighty—so is fleas!

Buckfield High School & Lyceum.

**T**HIS Fall term of this Institution is to commence on Monday, Sept. 5th, and continue eleven weeks. The success of the school under its present leaders is a sufficient guarantee that those who seek instruction here can receive the assistance they need. Special attention will be given to those who wish to become teachers in common schools, also to those who wish to pursue the Academy or University.

**Tuition.**—For Common English, *50 cents*. Higher Branches or Languages, *40 cents*.

To those who attend for a shorter period than the tuition is from *30 to 40 cents per week.*

**Contingent exp's for a term, 25**

**Use of Library and Reading room (optional with permission of parents)**

**Board in good families from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per week**

It is probable that several scholars can be supported with teachers on application to the principal.

**ZADOC LONG,**

**S. F. BROWN,**

**W. W. COMSTOCK,**

**JAMES JEWETT,**

**Buckfield, Aug. 7, 1841.**

3w14

NOTICE

To Ferrymen and others.

State of Maine.

Oxford, 25.

Court of County Commissioners, June Term, A. D. 1841.

**T**HE Court here establish the following rates of toll or ferrage, as applicable to all the ferries across the Androscoggin River in the county of Oxford, viz.

For every boat passenger, four cents.

For every single horse wagon, twelve and a half cents.

For every horse and chaise, twelve and a half cents.

For every gig or sulky, horse, twelve and a half cents.